

original sin



Fledgling feelings tip toe across my tongue as they build up the nerve to unfurl their wings and take the leap

But before they reached my teeth,

Foreign lips meet mine, and the timid words retreat and form a lump in my throat.

I try again in the break I take to gasp for air but before my chest can fully expand, it's pressed against his and my ribs collapse

Into a cage.

His face changes, but it's always the same teeth biting into my neck, injecting sweet venom into my body, liquefying my insides

And drinking until I'm a husk

Is this my purpose?

Is this what love is?

I still don't know why you loved me. You never said why, so I just assumed you were an actions-speak-louder-than-words kind of guy, but you never went out of your own way if you weren't already headed in that direction.

I still don't know what you mean when you say you miss me because you didn't bother to learn the machinations that drive this machine, the parts under the skin that squeaked and stalled in need of oil, the fuel that kept the furnace in my chest pumping. You joked I was a robot, cold and unfeeling, but when I finally peeled back the steely exterior I've encased myself in and showed you the dove mourning her clipped wings in the cage of my chest you could only think to ask why she didn't sing louder for you.

I still don't know why I linger in your mind. I would drink until the bottle was dry because I thought each drop would bring the key to my heart close enough to the surface for you to reach out and grab but instead you ran your fingers along the top of the water to see if it was warm enough for you to swim in.

I still don't know why I cry sometimes. I asked you to hold the dove in your hands and keep her warm for a while because I couldn't move my hands or my arms or anything without the risk of it all falling apart but instead you told me that it was my fault for not trying hard enough.

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Looking back now, I know why he loved me. I know why he missed me. I know why I still lingered in his head and I know why I was crying. I shoved myself into the mold of the girl of his dreams, and once the internal pressure became too great and I broke down, the illusion was broken but he could not fathom that he was part of the problem.

Fuck you Alan Jackson, I hope to god you're a better man now.

I cannot, I will not put words to these feelings for fear of waking from this wonderful dream by the cacophony of my own confessions

I don't dare recant my ruminations regarding the room you occupy in my mind for fear that one day all I'll be left with are fingerprints on the door, indifferent impressions from calloused hands that once held my own. Your palm pressed to mine. My cheek pressed to yours. Your hot breath in my ear. My heart in your hands. I wonder if you feel the beats it skips whenever I see you.

But if I was to be honest,
Thoughts of you streak through my mind like silvery comets,
and although I know its naïve, I make a wish on every one

Shooting stars belong to nothing else but physical forces,
tracing along paths formed by the fates; how fortunate was I to just have been in the right place,
to have looked up at the right time,
to have retinas that register the right wavelengths of light so I might see you in all your splendor.

I just wish I was a bit closer

I can't get him out of my head

Furiously I scrub until my hands are raw but it just makes his reflections of the polished memories all the more vibrant.

A vaccine turned viral,

Memories of him infect my daydreams and my eyes look for him before I even realize what I'm doing.

At the heights of these deliriums I search for his name in obituaries.

A roman soldier incarnate, he only found purpose in the promise of a noble death,

Whatever that was supposed to mean.

It makes me shiver to pass the places we would lie looking at the stars side by side late into the night, talking about everything

except the truth.

Over time it became a monologue, him wishing to leave this place

For it all to end in a blaze of glory.

I never knew what to say but it didn't matter.

Nothing I could have said or done could have changed anything.

Deep, deep down I knew it all along, but a small part of me clung to the hope that I could change something

Crimson ribbons run from her mouth

Across her chest

Spill down her slender legs

And stains her feet red

Pairs of eyes crawl over her body as her own search for escape

The momentum of fear drives her blindly forward, only to find she is trapped on all sides

Glass panes reflect her figure, but she does not recognize the panicked creature before her

Crashing into herself until she retreats

She searches but she's met by only more eyes looking

Watching

Devouring every second of her flight

Too many eyes

Too many eyes too many eyes toomanyeyes toomanyeyestoomanyeyestoomanyeyes

She blinks

now just one pair of eyes — brilliant twin suns — catch hers.

It burns but she cannot look away

In her mind, a vision of lush green forest flashes,

And then, just endless night.

Flesh bound to stone by the strings of fate
Stiff with blood
Tender innards, picked clean
This was my lot in life, and I was glad
To regrow myself for each “hero” in whichever way they deemed most delicious

Submission was woven into my fabric by my creators
Those threads bound and manipulated me
Pulling the corners of my mouth into a smile
But in the end gravity and time weighs everything down

The strings snapped
No longer smiling
I didn’t taste as sweet
And I was left alone to rot, to freeze to melt into the rock
My atoms filled the gaps, making us impenetrable and cold
Together we weathered away into small grains
Hoping to become a part of something new
To feel while in a way we never have before

His fiery tongue licks the wooly fleece until her pelt succumbs to the flames

Bleats deepen into snarls

Teeth sink into her neck as cloven feet sharpen into claws and

Rake across his back

The lamb becomes a wolf

And she is ravenous.

What do we become when the blood rush stops

Once the hunt is over, do we curl up together

Only to turn away and lick our wounds when we're sure the other is asleep

What does my lingering scent do to you?

Will you hold me a little tighter next time?

What does it take for the switch from adrenaline to dopamine?

What am I beyond what I shape myself to be for men and why do I do it
How do I transcend from something to someone in a man's eyes
Why is it always my fault for letting them use me instead of theirs for using me
Perhaps it is the guilt that maybe they are in fact indeed like All Men
Perhaps the sin of manhood is not so easily cleansed
This original sin is no one's fault, and yet it is also my burden to bear?
My tears and my blood that must be shed to cleanse them of this?
Each "you're an angel", another thorny crown placed upon my head
So willing to cut myself into ever-smaller pieces so each may eat
Is this my penance? For what sin?
How many Hail Mary's will it take to free me of this?
I want to burst out of my own ribs and grow into something new
Someone new, outside of the lie of Adam and Eve

Tunnels of soaring hedges of dark, iridescent leaves that still somehow glimmer in the low light
The slightest breeze traces along my jaw and untucks a lock of hair from behind my ear
A gentle push of warm air urges me forward ,
My footfalls thudding softly against the cold dark soil.
As I walk I let my fingers run along the walls of leaves until one pricks my finger
I look at the droplet of blood and see a small mouth extend a tongue from a leaf to lap it up, but instead it *plinks* to the ground
I stoop down to look at it — a ruby where I thought the blood had landed.
Turning it over in my palm, I stand back up.
Another breeze, this one with a sharp chill, demands my attention. I avert my eyes and realize I'm suddenly in a clearing.
Grand mirrors with frames the resemblances of all the ones who came before
Each with a smug grin and cold eyes
In every mirror I see myself distorted
Made small, made thin, made in each of their divine image
Her lips part and emit a sickly sweet giggle
This is what I was to them. This is what I made myself for them.
I whirl around to find an exit, and my foot finds a stray root
I put my hands out to catch me; the ruby digs into my hand and I yelp in pain
The leaves shudder and take flight, revealing one final mirror
The frame bears my own face and there in the mirror I am
A lump of clay, roughly shaped into my form
As I outstretch a hand, the homunculus does too
We meet at the cool pane; the blood on my hand stains the clay and the heat of my hand begins to soften theirs
This body made of borrowed time is mine as long as my ghost inhabits it
I must be my own to shape.